I,Menace

That fast!--on rock me
 with peach ice tea,
notebook,musing *bump*

*on log,*writing some-
 thing better. A...

 shattering...could
    it've been? Or

dream glass diffusing
 through warmth,the fall
     day,suncrisp and
    lethargic at once?

  Then the victim shows
  with groceries at her car,
     its smashed window.

         Soon,police,a bar
   of orange lights in series.

The officer flips open her silver-
y casebook. *But where had robber*
   fled? How? No footfalls

compromised my vision. Be poet
       at all our perils.